

EXTENSIONS OF REMARKS

MOTHERS AGAINST DRUNK DRIVING NATIONAL ESSAY CONTEST

HON. NEWT GINGRICH

OF GEORGIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Wednesday, June 5, 1996

Mr. GINGRICH. Mr. Speaker, I would like to take this opportunity to share with my colleagues the winning essays of the Mothers Against Drunk Driving's National Essay Contest.

As we are all aware, drunk drivers kill thousands of Americans each year on our Nation's roads. Though we have made great strides over the last decade or so with increased education and stiffer penalties, there is still much work to be done.

Mothers Against Drunk Driving has been one of the preeminent forces in changing our Nation's drunk driving laws and educating our citizens on the dangers of driving drunk. The national essay contest serves as a way to bring these issues to the forefront of public attention.

I commend all of the young men and women who participated in the essay contest. However, I would like to specifically recognize Caitlin McCuiston, of El Dorado, KS, Christopher Jackson, of Stow, OH, and Angela DeAnn Wiczorek, of Monterey, IN, for their outstanding essays on the dangers of drunk driving.

1996 MOTHERS AGAINST DRUNK DRIVING NATIONAL POSTER ESSAY CONTEST

1ST PLACE NATIONAL WINNER, GRADES 4 TO 6
(By Caitlin McCuiston)

Hello, I am a road, part of a large highway. Some people may not think I am very important, but I am. I guide people to their destination, helping them along the way. It may not sound like a very hard job, but it is.

I am forced to watch accidents quite often. They are difficult to witness, but I cannot close my eyes to them. Unfortunately, these accidents are not the hardest to see.

The worst are, in my opinion, caused by drunk driving. These accidents are horrible, caused only by some careless person who is drunk. Every time I see another disaster caused by this, I feel despair and complete hopelessness emitting from friends and family quietly standing by.

Policemen, paramedics, and other people acting as rescue workers feel the pain too. "Another accident," mutters one rescue worker under his breath. "When will this all stop?" None of us are sure.

In fact, who is sure? Is anyone? All humanity may think I am made of asphalt, dirt, or gravel, but I know what I am truly made of. I am made of the blood and tears from victims and their families. Everyone, please remember this—"Drinking and driving is the road to nowhere."

1ST PLACE NATIONAL WINNER, GRADES 7 TO 9
(By Christopher Jackson)

"Where have you been tonight son?" I heard the voice asking from just behind the flashlight beam. "Nowhere," I said.

"Where did you get the beer?" the voice asked. "Nowhere," I replied. I tried quint-

ing to look past the flashlight beam, but all I could see was flashing red and blue lights. This guy asking me these stupid questions was really nowhere. I must have fallen asleep while driving home from the party with Ed. He must have left me in the car and gone somewhere. Now some guy with a flashlight is hassling me.

"What are you? A cop?" I asked. "Yes" came the reply. Boy, have a few beers and they treat you like a durnk, I mean drunk.

"Where were you and your buddy going?" came the third stupid question. I told him "nowhere." If they found out I took a case of beer from our dad I'd be in real trouble. The two of us each drank six beers so far tonight. No big deal, I drink more than that some nights.

I figured he'd want some ID, so I reached for my wallet but my arms wouldn't move. I looked down to see the steering wheel pressed against my chest. I turned to yell for my brother Ed and saw him in the light of the flashlight. He was halfway through the windshield and two people were trying to pick him up.

I looked over as they put Ed on a stretcher and screamed for someone to help him. The cop started to strap him in, but the EMT stopped him and said, "Don't bother, he's going nowhere," as he pulled the sheet over Ed's face.

1ST PLACE NATIONAL WINNER, GRADES 10 TO 12
(By Angela Wiczorek)

Dear Mom...

Mom! Mom! Please don't cry! I always hated to see you cry. Oh, Mom. I'm so sorry. I never meant for this to happen.

I should have listened when you told me not to leave. You just had a feeling. Deep down, you knew. That's why you held me so tight and told me how much you loved me. Then, reluctantly, you let me go and I left.

It was not your fault, Mom. Please stop thinking that. You weren't the only one who knew. I knew too. I almost listened to you and stayed, but something inside me kept pushing me out the door.

The weird thing was that I knew the man would run the red light, but I pushed the gas pedal anyway. He hit me so fast, I didn't even know what happened. But I heard it—the horrible sound of metal crashing against metal. The aroma of alcohol invaded my senses. It was so strong. The man had been drinking! Wild thoughts raced through my mind as I recalled all the seminars and speeches I had heard about things like this. I never dreamed it could happen to me.

Oh, Mom. I'm so very sorry. I'm sorry it was me, your little girl, that death claimed and not the man at fault. I'm sorry you have to live with the knowledge that the man who killed your daughter only suffered a broken arm.

But, Mom, you can't stop believing in God because I'm gone. I know it seems unfair that the Lord took me before I could graduate, but it was my time to go. In your heart, you know that. And now that man has to live in a dark room with nothing to do except remember. Because of his drinking, he claimed the life of a seventeen year old girl. Something that he knows could've been prevented. God works in mysterious ways. That's what you taught me.

I love you, Mom. So much more than I ever told you. I miss you, but you have to carry

on. You have to be strong for Dad and little Tommy. They need you now more than ever.

I know in your heart, you know I'm alright. I'm at peace now and I'm ready to go Home. You should go too.

Come visit me often. And Mom, don't forget to bring flowers. I like the yellow ones.

BENEDICTION BY RABBI ALEXANDER SCHINDLER, NATIONAL DAYS OF REMEMBRANCE COMMEMORATION

HON. TOM LANTOS

OF CALIFORNIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Wednesday, June 5, 1996

Mr. LANTOS. Mr. Speaker, on April 16, Members of Congress, members of the Diplomatic Corps and hundreds of survivors of the Holocaust and their friends gathered here in the Capitol Rotunda for the National Days of Remembrance commemoration. The U.S. Holocaust Memorial Council was established by Congress to preserve the memory of the victims of the Holocaust. I commend the Council and the members of the Days of Remembrance Committee, chaired by my good friend Benjamin Meed, for their vigilant and genuine adherence to their extraordinarily important task.

One of the first acts of the Council was to establish the annual Days of Remembrance commemoration to mirror similar observances held in Israel and throughout our Nation and elsewhere in the world. This year, the commemoration centered on the 50th anniversary of the Nuremberg trials. The observance was a reminder of the difficult process of first coping and then healing that all survivors and their families and loved ones had to endure.

Rabbi Alexander Schindler's benediction closed the commemoration with a reminder of the tragedy that we must not forget. In his typically elegant prose, his prayer instructed us how to turn remembrance into strength, how to turn sadness and horror into hope for a better future. Mr. Speaker, I invite my colleagues to read Rabbi Schindler's prayer and hear his frank but hopeful words of wisdom.

PRAYER OFFERED BY RABBI SCHINDLER, HOLOCAUST COMMEMORATION

Once again, a sacred hour of remembrance summons us to these time-hallowed halls.

Not that we really need such an occasion lest we forget.

We need no reminders.

We remember too well.

Memories come * * * to interrupt our sleep

* * * to still our laughter * * * to fill our silence with the voices of the past.

Oh, would that we could forget.

But quick forgetting is not the reality of a people who lost one-third of their number in half a decade;

Who lost one and one-half million of their children, during those tear-stained years.

No, we cannot, we will not, forget these martyrs.

• This "bullet" symbol identifies statements or insertions which are not spoken by a Member of the Senate on the floor.

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